

WAYNE

Okay, mister – now I'll try for that fake revolver with the genuine simulated pearl handle.

ELEANOR (OFFSTAGE)

Wayne!... Wayne!...

WAYNE

Back here, Eleanor.

*(ELEANOR comes running on.)*

ELEANOR

Oh, Wayne, I have the most wonderful news...

*(She throws herself into his arms and he spins her around.)*

WAYNE

Well now, slow down and tell me...

ELEANOR

*(Holding up an envelope.)*

From State College. Somebody dropped out of the nursing program and I got accepted. I'm going off to college in ten days!

WAYNE

Well, gee... that's...

*(The gravity of the situation suddenly strikes him.)*

Ten days?

ELEANOR

Of course now I can't go to the fair.

WAYNE

Whaddaya talkin' about? I got the three days all planned out for us.

ELEANOR

Honeybunch, I got a million and one things on my mind.

WAYNE

Can't one of 'em be me? I suppose when ya get home next summer you'll be educated to the point where I'll look pretty ignorant and ya won't find me very interesting anymore.

ELEANOR

Oh, Wayne – there'll never be anybody like you.

WAYNE

It's not somebody like me I'm worried about. It's somebody different – some guy with a blazer and a trust fund.

ELEANOR

And just exactly what is that supposed to mean? It sounds like you think I'm not to be trusted.

WAYNE

Well, how am I supposed to know what's goin' on? Between the sorority house and the freshman mixer, traipsin' around with Lord knows who.

ELEANOR

*(Seething)*

I do not traipse!

WAYNE

Or whatever you Gamma Hubba-Hubba girls call it.

ELEANOR

Well, Mr. Frake, I never realized you held me in such low regard.

*(She storms away across the yard.)*

WAYNE

Now hold on, Eleanor -

ELEANOR

*(Turning back to him.)*

I should have known better than to think you'd be happy for me.

*(She exits upstage. WAYNE turns to exit and nearly runs into MARGY, who has entered and heard the last of their argument.)*

WAYNE

Women.

*(He exits. MARGY wanders across the yard, tearing the petals from a daisy one by one. MELISSA enters in the kitchen and sees MARGY in the yard.)*

MELISSA

*(Calling out the screen door.)*

Oh, Margy - there you are. Come help me label these pickles.

MARGY

*(To herself, disdainfully.)*

Pickles.

*(She throws down the flower and crosses through the screen door into the kitchen.)*

MELISSA

Have you finished your packing?

MARGY

Pretty near.